

The Great Cookie Theft

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I'm not making any money from this, and I don't claim to own any of the characters, situations or even a few bits of the dialogue. All I want to do is make people laugh.

He crept down the stairs as quietly as a slightly-modified *Wingardium Leviosa* would allow, Harry's Invisibility Cloak tightly wrapped around him. *He should never leave it out where it might inadvertently find its way into someone else's hands*, he thought with a smirk. The moon was full and its light poured in through The Burrow's windows; he could see nearly everything perfectly. He kept a firm grip on the railing; if he wasn't careful, his feet would shoot right out from underneath him, and all his meticulous planning would be shot. Not to mention the possibility that only *one* of his feet would slip, and he might end up with a foot crashing through his head...

Deciding not to contemplate the grisly possibility, he continued to carefully float down the stairs. As he reached the bottom, he cancelled the spell and thanks to a miscalculation,

CRASH!

he fell flat on his face.

"Damn," he muttered, hoping that the noise hadn't bothered any of the house's other residents. Staying still for a few minutes, he failed to hear any scurrying feet from above; perhaps he'd been lucky. Picking himself up off the floor, he prepared himself for the biggest challenge so far...the kitchen, where sweet temptation in the form of a cheerful ceramic cookie jar sat proudly on the counter.

Testing the floor in front of him for creaks before every step, he somehow failed to see Hermione's cat snoozing on the rug in the sitting room. He felt something soft beneath his foot, and then—

"MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOWWWWWWWWWWWW! HISS!"

"OWWWW!" he howled, clutching his scratched-up leg and hopping on one foot into the kitchen. Abandoning all hope of finishing the job quietly, he settled for speed and ran over to the counter, grabbed as many cookies from the jar as he could and stuffed them into his pockets, then sped out the door and into the garden where he'd hidden his broom in the event that he needed to make a fast return to his room. Kicking off, he sailed gracefully up to his second-floor window and jumped into his bedroom, just barely managing to pull the broom in after him and jump into bed before his parents thundered down the stairs to see who had caused the commotion.

Smirking as he curled up under his blanket, Percy Weasley ate his hard-won prizes with gusto.

The next morning when he went down to breakfast, he heard his mother fretting about the suspected intruder the night before.

"Whoever it was made so much noise, and I don't know how they even managed to get in and then get away!" Molly fretted. "How are we to feel safe in our own beds here anymore? I can't see that anything has been taken, at least, though a few things have been knocked over, and Hermione's poor cat refuses to come out from underneath the settee." Noticing her third-oldest son, she smiled and greeted him. "Good morning, Percy, dear."

"My nipples explode with delight," he said casually, picking up his favourite mug and pouring some tea into it. Fred and George, who were already sitting at the table, looked at each other and grinned.

Molly glared at him, shocked. "Watch your mouth!"

"I will not buy this tobacconist's, it is scratched!" he protested.

"Percival Ignatius Weasley, what on Earth has gotten into you?"

"If you hadn't nailed it to the perch, it would be pushing up daisies." He glared at the twins across the table; they were now trying their hardest to suppress a giggle. "THIS IS AN EX-PARROT!"

Understanding that Percy meant to indicate the twins and their mirth, Molly put her hands on her hips and glared at Fred and George. "What have you two done *this* time?" she asked, almost resigned despite her angry posture.

"Who says that we did anything, Mum?" Fred asked, just a shade too innocently.

"Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition!" Percy growled at them, holding his wand menacingly.

"New addition to the Weasley's Wizard Wheezes product line," George explained hurriedly. "We call them Babbling Biscuits. When you eat them, they make you quote that Muggle 'Monty Python' thing, but you think you've said what you mean to say. It should wear off in a day or so."

Now Percy was furious. "YOU TINY-BRAINED WIPERS OF OTHER PEOPLE'S BOTTOMS! I FART IN YOUR GENERAL DIRECTION! YOUR MOTHER WAS A HAMSTER AND YOUR FATHER SMELLED OF ELDERBERRIES!"

"Come on, now, Perce, those aren't nice things to say about Mum and Dad," George grinned.

"It's not a question of where he *grips* it! It's a simple question of weight ratios! A five ounce bird could not carry a one pound coconut!" Percy glared at them again.

"You'll de-gnome the garden without magic for a week for this," Molly informed them. The look on the twins' faces said that it was a price they were willing to pay for the laugh they were getting from their most recent prank.

Molly shook her head and then turned to Percy. "At least one good thing has come of this," she sighed. "I think we can be certain who made all that noise last night. For causing so much worry to your poor father and I, you can stay that way until it wears off."

"Blessed are the cheesemakers," he murmured, chastened.

Author's Notes: This fic came from a prompt by HermioneDiggory. "Someone decides to raid the cookie jar at the Burrow, unaware that the tempting goodies in question contain a few... unorthodox ingredients." I know I didn't say exactly what the ingredients were, but I hoped that the results of ingesting these ingredients would be funny enough on their own. :)

Mind, I owe very little of what is actually funny about this fic to my own creativity. Instead, I owe it mostly to Monty Python, though the thing about Percy's foot possibly being driven through his head comes from a "Get Smart" episode, "Aboard the Orient Express", in which Maxwell Smart receives a similar warning about some shoes he's been issued.

The Monty Python quotes come from the "Dirty Hungarian Phrasebook" sketch, "Monty Python and the Holy Grail", "Monty Python's Life of Brian" and the infamous "Dead Parrot" and "Spanish Inquisition" sketches.

By the way, I'm quite aware that aside from Percy's uncharacteristic decision to steal from the cookie jar, this fic is probably impossible for at least three very good reasons. Still, I hope it managed to make you chuckle, at least; I certainly laughed enough while I was looking up suitable quotations for Percy's part of the dialogue! :)